THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

(In continuation.)

" ADELMAR had never yet been able to see Valerie privately, and alone. He at length wrote to her, entreating her to grant him an interview that night, because Beaumanoir was under the necessity of going out on an affair of importance after dinner, and would not return till the following day. Adelmar failed not to profess in this letter a high respect for the virtue of Valerie, and to promise that he would not attempt to violate it; but at the same time he assured her, that a refusal would reduce him to the last extremity of despair. Language like this a woman of twenty knows perfectly well how to appreciate; but on the heart of the inexperienced Valerie it produced all the effect that a seducer could have hoped. He only asked of Valerie, in answer to every thing, to confide to him the key of a gallery which led to her chamber, and to place this key in a vase of flowers in a flower-garden, at some distance from the castle, near a little wood. Beaumanoir neither liked walking, nor flowers: he never went into this garden, which Valerie delighted in cultivating.

" Although Valerie placed entire confidence in her lover's word, his poposal terrified her, and she could not determine to grant his request without remore. She hesitated—she wept; but at length she did more than he had required. She wrote a note, in which she wrapped the key; and an hour before dinner, at a moment when she saw Beaumanoir occupied, she escaped and flew to the garden. She approached with tottering steps to the vase of flowers, and dug a large hole in the earth with a knife, to put the letter. She had not yet finished covering, at least not firmly, this fatal deposit, when Beaumanoir, suddenly coming out of the wood, appeared to her view. He had just received the news of the death of an uncle, who had left him a large inheritance; and wishing to inform Valerie of this event, instead of sending for her, he had taken it into his head, contrary to his usual practice, to go and seek her himself. The letter and the key, though covered very superficially with earth, were yet hidden; and had not Valerie lost her presence of mind, Beaumanoir, knowing her taste for gardening, would not have conceived the smallest suspicion on seeing her near a vase of flowers, her hands covered with mould, and holding a knife: but the unexpected appearance of the terrible Beaumanoir was a thunder stroke to the fearful and consciously guilty Valerie.—" Oh Heavens! I am lost;" she exclaimed, her countenance changing to a death-like paleness. She could utter no more; but sank on the turf, entirely deprived of sense. Beaumanoir, not being able to attribute this deadly terror to respect and veneration, never thought of assisting the unfortunate victim, who, by her simplicity, accused herself, and delivered herself up to his vengeance; but examined the vase, and in passing his hand over the impression made by the knife, he discovered the end of a paper. He thrust his hand in, and, trembling, drew forth the letter and the key. He tore open the letter, and recognising the hand writing of Valerie, read as follows:

" Adelmar, ah! what do you require! But how can I endure the thought of reducing you to despair! You will respect the detested tie that binds me, you have promised me.—Doubtless it will be delightful to be alone with you, and, for the first time, to speak to you without witnesses and without constraint. Yet I tremble.—No matter, you wish it. Oh! dear Adelmar, how much shall I stand in need of support! But when I see you I shall no longer fear any thing.—Come at midnight."

" It is unnecessary to attempt to describe the fury and rage of the proud Beaumanoir. You will be able to judge of it from the remainder of this narrative. He deferred his vengeance, in order that he might render it more striking and terrible. After having read with impetuous haste this fatal letter, he immediately wrapped the key again in it, replaced them in the vase, and covered them carelessly with earth; after which, he assisted the unfortunate Valerie, who again opened her eyes, and whose first movement was to throw herself at the feet of Beaumanoir, dissolving into tears. Beaumanoir affected the greatest surprise.—" What," said he, with a horrible smile, " what is this new piece of childishness? Do you think, Valerie, that I am come with no other purpose than to scold you for having quitted the house at the dinner hour? Can you suppose that I disapprove your taste for the cultivation of flowers? On the contrary, I think it to be an innocent amusement, that suits your sex and age."—He spoke in a tone so natural, his air and manner were so composed, that the trembling Valerie persuaded herself that he had seen nothing, and that she

was in a state of the most perfect security. She muttered some unintelligible words. The barbarian again smiled, and completely restored to her her courage. He then informed her of the death of his uncle. He added, that this event would prolong his absence; and left her precipitately, saying that he had some orders to give, and that he would desire the dinner to be served half an hour later.

"As soon as he was gone, Valerie examined the vase, which she found precisely in the same state. She completely concealed the key, and, having perfectly recovered from her fright, returned to the castle. Beaumanoir behaved just as usual at table, and two or three hours after dinner mounted his horse with Adelmar, who publicly took leave of Valerie, and they departed together. At a little distance from the castle, they bade each other adieu. Adelmar took the road to a small estate which he possessed about three leagues from that of Beaumanoir, and the latter continued his journey. Adelmar concealed himself in the neighbourhood, in order that he might return to the castle before midnight; for he had found the letter and the key in the vase. Besides, he had long been provided with a master-key of a little door of the garden, that led to a part of the forest by which the castle was surrounded. Beaumanoir, likewise, on his part, concealed himself till night, when he returned secretly to his own house, there to prepare his vengeance.

In the mean time Valerie waited the hour of rendezvous, with a painful anxiety, mingled with remorse. At eleven, all the domestics were in bed, and profound silence seemed to announce universal repose; but love and hatred were awake. Valerie took her station at the window; and, raising towards heaven her eyes moistened with tears, beheld, with shuddering, over her head a thick and black cloud, from which repeatedly flashed the most dazzling and dreadful lightning. 'Alas!' exclaimed she, clasping her hands, 'the thunder is ready to burst!' At the same moment she heard the dogs in the court-yard howl and yell in the most dreadful manner. She closed the window; and, trembling, sank into a chair. She felt as it were petrified with an invincible terror. She was roused from this kind of stupor by a tremendous peal of thunder, which shook the castle to its foundation. In her first wild emotion, she ran towards her child's apartment; but recollecting that Adelmar was coming, she stopped, and burst into tears. "Oh, my Emma! my dearest child! must I incur the guilt of neglecting, of forgetting thee? Ah! had I foreseen this!"—Her sobs prevented her utterance. She felt, in a confused manner, that it is impossible to violate our duty in one instance without offending against it in others; and that a faithless wife cannot be a good mother.

Valerie, however, was assured, from the profound stillness that prevailed thro'out the house, that no accident had befallen her child.—'Alas!' said she, 'why should I be alarmed for my Emma? Heaven will ever protect the innocent.' She again seated herself in her chair. The castle clock struck twelve: the sound made the deepest impression on her sensations: each of the slow and regular strokes seemed to beat upon her heart with progressively increasing strength. She counted them with trembling agitation, and at the twelfth, felt an oppression which almost deprived her of respiration; but still she listened attentively. The dogs howled a second time: she shuddered; but at the same instant heard some one walking gently in the gallery.—'Heaven!' exclaimed she, 'it is he!' Scarcely able to support herself, she rose and opened the door. On beholding Adelmar she drew back, and sank into an arm-chair. Adelmar ran, and threw himself at her feet; while Valerie hid her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Adelmar entreated her to compose herself and be calm; when the door was again opened with violence. Valerie, terrified, uttered a piercing shriek. Adelmar rose, turned, and saw Beaumanoir, with a drawn sword in his hand: he was followed by two esquires, and two pages, carrying also drawn swords, and lighted torches. Adelmar had no weapon, except a stick bound with iron, which he had left in the gallery. Beaumanoir stopped. 'Fear nothing,' said he, 'Adelmar: I should be justified in stabbing an infamous seducer: I might without scruple take from you that contemptible life for which you are indebted to me; but I wish to fight, and not to assassinate you.'

At these words Valerie threw herself between Adelmar and Beaumanoir: the excess of her despair inspired her with a supernatural courage. Pale and dishevelled, she stood up, extending her feeble arms, as if to form a barrier between these two haughty enemies. Beaumanoir, seizing her by the waist, raised her, and carried her to the other end of the chamber; while Adelmar endeavoured to rescue her from him; but the esquires and pages surrounded and held him, in despite of all his efforts. During this struggle, the inhuman Beaumanoir bound the hapless Valerie to the post of her bed.—'It is proper,' said he to her, 'that you should be a witness, and the judge of a combat occasioned by yourself; for here ought I to perish, or avenge myself.'—'Oh, kill me! exclaimed Valerie; but her plaintive voice, and the expression in her enchanting and youthful countenance of the most violent emotions of the soul—love, remorse, terror, and despair, intermixed with the graces and simplicity of infancy—could not soften the implacable Beaumanoir. He saw the wandering eyes of Valerie fix themselves upon Adelmar; he saw that she shuddered for him: and the dreadful state in which he was, far from exciting his pity, had only the effect of redoubling his resentment and his rage. After having fastened his victim, he traced with chalk, in the middle of this spacious chamber, the circle in which he would fight, and

which neither was to pass. He then threw off that part of his dress which covered his breast, to shew that he had no breast-plate. He next ordered his attendants to provide his rival with a sword, which they presented to him.—'If our weapons should break,' said Beaumanoir, 'you will give us others. Let us hasten the combat: one of us ought not to see the day which begins to dawn.'

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

DELPHINE, caressed and humoured, is the most unhappy child in the city. Capricious, vain, and stubborn, she could not endure the least contradiction. Not satisfied with having thrown off all obedience, she soon began to command; she gave orders in the house, treated the servants with disdainful arrogance, sometimes scolding, and sometimes conversing familiarly with them. She mistook haughtiness for dignity, and meanness for indulgence and affability. She was so fond of flattery, that she was unhappy without it; discontented with her dolls and her playthings, yet at the same time coveting every thing that was not her own, because she was destitute alike of justice and moderation. Having so command over herself, she was the prey both of fretfulness and passion, defects that are seldom united. She was angry on the slightest occasion, and peevish without cause. She would afterwards be sorry for having been weak and unjust; she wept; she was sensible of her faults, but wanted the power to correct them. To add to her misfortunes, she had not a good state of health. She ate too much, and lived, not on wholesome food, but on cakes, sweet-meats, and confectionary; and she was continually afflicted with the heart-burn and pain in her stomach.

But though she endured this torment without complaining, she is delicate to excess; she very seldom walks out, and never in winter; she is in continual dread of the wind, the cold, the sun, the dust. In short, to acquaint you with all her foibles, she is afraid of riding in a coach, and falls into fits at the sight of a spider or a mouse.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

The following observations from a late English publication, I send you for insertion in the Lady's Miscellany, should they meet your approbation.

Yours, &c.

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INDECENCY OF THE WALTZ.

As a foreigner, I shall not take the liberty to censure this kind of dance, but this I can say, that it appears intolerable to German writers of superior merit, and who are not accused of severity of manners, among others by the author of Werther and M Jacobi.

"We ought," says the latter, "either not to boast so much of our decency, or not to suffer our wives and daughters to be hurried along in complete stupefaction, gently pressed by the arms of men, bosom to bosom, to the sound of wanton and lascivious music. In this giddy round of pleasure, morals and decency seem totally forgotten; and if even an innocent creature, exposed in this manner, should remain pure and immaculate, can she think without horror, that she becomes the sport of the imagination of the young men to whom she thus abandons herself? It were to be wished that our females, I mean those who have still some idea of modesty, could sometimes listen, concealed in a corner, to the discourse of these same men to whom they relinquish themselves with so little reserve. Thus Werter, the lover of Charlotte swears that, were he to perish for it, never should a girl for whom he entertained any affection, and on whom he had honorable views, dance the waltz with any other man besides himself."

This judgment will probably be tho't extremely severe; but it is not mine, and I have even softened many expressions. I shall add but one reflection, namely, that these strictures were written twelve or fifteen years ago, and that the proscription of stays, and the fashion of wearing light Grecian draperies, have not since tended to diminish the licentiousness of this kind of dance.

Anecdote of Philip the second.

PHILIP the Second, king of Spain, walking one day alone in one of the cloisters, belonging to the convent of the escurial, a tradesman, seeing the door open, went in, transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which the house is adorned. He addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and describe the subjects of them.

Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire; at parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend, I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bombis, and if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service!' 'And *my name*," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, I *will give you a glass of as good.*"

A fellow going to be hanged on Kennington Common, begged to be allowed to stop at the Horns, to get a glass of gin. Having drank it, he told the landlord, "I have no change, but I'll pay you *as I come back.*"

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

(Concluded, from page 166.)

SCARCELY has Sabina entered the numerous circle of anxious maids and attendants, when each of them assumes her functions, and strives, by her dexterity, and the most exact performance of her duty, to obtain but one gracious look from her mistress. As formerly, according to the ancient historians, each individual part of the human body had its respective physician, so that the ear-doctors, eye-doctors, tooth-doctors, clyster-doctors, foot-doctors, &c. stoutly defended their own domain and territorial jurisdiction on the superficies of the human body, against the encroachments of their colleagues; so in like manner for each portion of the toilette for each garment, nay, even for each part of the body to be repaired, polished, painted, and adorned, was assigned a particular slave, who was never employed in any other occupation; but who, for the slightest negligence, had to expect severe and instantaneous punishment. This whole army of slaves was subdivided into squadrons and companies.

First advance those with the paint, those that lay on the red, and those that apply the white, the painter of the eye-brows, and the cleaners of the teeth. The occupation of this class was comprehended in the fashionable Greek term of *cosmetics*. For as in modern times, the ladies think nothing handsome about their toilette, unless it has a French name, and come from Paris, so the Roman ladies made a point of giving Greek appellations to every thing belonging to their dress; their attendants and waiting maids had Greek names, even though they were honest peasant girls, born and bred in the next village. A paint would have been tho't of very little value that was not brought in a box with a Greek inscription. Thus the maidens, of whom we are speaking are called *Cosmetae*, and are very different from the dressers and stainers of hair, who again form a totally distinct class Scaphion, a maiden with a bason containing new, and still warm, asses'-milk, takes off with a sponge the incrustation which, during the night, covered the face of her mistress. What she washes away is called, in technical language, *cataplasma*; and the balls of soap and essences with which the skin is smoothed and polished, are known by the appellation of *smegmata*. To enumerate the individual names of these soaps and essences, would be an employment equally uninteresting and unthankful. So much, however, is certain, that in this particular, and likewise in general in all ointments and perfumes, which are not indebted for their perfection to chemical apparatus, the ancients were by no means inferior to the moderns, but even far surpassed them in invention. Varro, a contemporary of Cicero, gives, in his Satires, to this wrinkle-removing ointment, the humourous appellation of *tentipellium*, an instrument which the shoemakers employ for stretching leather, and for putting it upon the last. Phiale is the name of the second slave, who applies the white and red to the cheeks, after they have been clean washed and polished. But she presumes not to commence this cosmetic operation till she has breathed upon a metal mirror, and presented it to her mistress to smell to. By this method, Sabina discovers whether the maiden's spittle is pure and fragrant, and whether she chewed early in the morning the pastells, which she is regularly enjoined to do: for it is with spittle that Phiale is obliged to mix the paint, if it shall acquire the necessary smoothness and permanence on the cheeks of the Domina.*

The boxes, the cups, the shells, and the whole apparatus with which the ladies of those days disfigured God's creatures (to make use of *Hamlet's* expression) are contained in two caskets of ivory and rock-chrystal, which, under the Greek name of *Narthekia*, composed a costly part of the female toilette. My fair readers will certainly not suspect me capable of such inadvertence, as publicly to betray here what the inventive genius of woman kept so carefully concealed in these boxes and caskets. They must all be acquainted with the popular story of the taylor who, when the beautiful Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets of Coventry, peeped at her through a crevice in his window shutter, on which, says the ancient tradition, his eyes immediately dropped out of his head. Peeping Tom of Coventry ought to be an example sufficient to repress all prophane curiosity. I shall only take the liberty to make this general observation, that, with the exception of ceruse, or white-lead, which in those times was a favourite cosmetic, almost all the other paints were extracted from the animal and vegetable kingdom.† They were consequently less pernicious and corrosive than the celebrated cosmetics of modern times.

While the industrious Phiale is thus busily engaged, the third slave, whose

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* The ancients had collections of receipts, in which spittle, especially that of a fasting woman, was one of the principal ingredients. The very name of *fard* is derived from the Italian word *farda*, which signifies spittle, because the corrosive sublimate, with which the fard is composed, is mixed with spittle.

† The principle substance of all the red paints was the kind of moss called by Linnæus, *lichen roccella*, from which turnsol is now prepared.—This moss was, in ancient times, denominated *fucus*, which gradually became the general term for all these kinds of paint. They likewise employed certain dyeing plants, particularly the *anchusa tinctoria*. The articles for the toilette, obtained from the animal kingdom, were the *oesypum*, an extract boiled from the sweat of the Athenian sheep, which adhered to certain parts of their fleece; and the pulverized excrement of Egyptian crocodiles, which was employed to cure several cutaneous diseases, and to remove freckle.

technical name is Stammi, attends with a shell in her left hand, containing a fine black, made of pulverized black lead which resembles soot, (and was therefore generally denominated *fuligo*) mixed up with water; and holding a kind of needle or pencil in her right. Black eye-brows, forming a perfect semi-circle, and meeting at the top of the nose, are at the present day accounted in the East a principal part of female beauty. This was likewise an indispensable condition of beauty among the ancient Greeks and Romans; and as the Turkish women, in the Harams, frequently spend whole hours in painting their eye-brows and eye-lashes with a black powder, called *surme*, so was this an essential department of the Roman toilette, and well deserved to be assigned to a particular slave. Sabina's was called *Stimmi*, the Greek name of the black for painting the eye-brows, which, with a slight alteration, was transformed into the Latin *stibium*. It was a powder composed of a black-lead or bismuth, which the women of the East still use for their *surme*. It was applied with two bodkins, curved towards the end, such as are still used by the Turkish females. Stimmi's practiced hand has converted her mistress into a *bull eyed Juno*, according to Father Homer's expression, with the most precious *kalliblepharon*, as the same thing which the druggists called *silmmi*, was denominated in the more elegant language of the toilette. Mastiche, whose business it is to clean the teeth, now takes her place. She presents to her mistress the substance from which she herself derives her name —mastic, from the Island of Chios, which the ladies were used to chew every morning to preserve teeth that were beginning to decay. Besides these yellow and transparent grains, Mastiche brings, on a gold waiter (to complete the apparatus of tooth powders and tinctures) an elegant onyx flask, the urine of a yet pure and innocent boy,* and in a neat gold shell, finely pulverized pumice stone, which, being mixed with marble reduced to a powder, exhibits every variety of colour. But all this serves only for shew. The teeth, which are here preserved in a pretty large bag, and are about to be placed by the expert Mastiche in the toothless gums of her mistress, require not this artificial polish, and no tooth-powder in the universe can whiten the grinders that still remain. For the sake of the sceptic, be it recollected, that the deception with false ivory teeth, fastened in with gold, is of such antiquity, that the most ancient laws of the Romans, those of the twelve tables, make express mention of the case of dead bodies having false teeth fastened with gold. From the epigrams of Martial, we may conclude that practice was general in his time. In one place he makes the tooth-powder exclaim, "Woman! what wants thou of me? I serve young maidens: I am not used to polish borrowed teeth!"

Thus this first visit to the toilette of a gallant Roman lady, notwithstanding the excessive pomp displayed in the multitude, and the diversified occupations of her slaves, is a soothing, or, perhaps, a dejecting additional proof, that in the ages of so highly extolled antiquity, the goddess Fashion had as many votaries, and as many altars, as at the present day; and that acceptable morning sacrifices were offered her with the same incense, and the same devotion, as at the toilette of many a modern belle. At that time, too, many a portrait painter might have made the same excuse as a celebrated artist, who one day refused to paint one of those plastered and patched up beauties, saying—"He never copied any body's work but his own and God Almighty's."

Martial says to his countrywoman: "Galla, thy toilette tricks thee out with a thousand deceptions; while thou livest at Rome, thy hair is coloured on the banks of the Rhine. At night thou puttest off thy teeth like a garment, and two-thirds of thy person is packed up in boxes. The maid who dresses thee, paints those cheeks and those eye-brows, with which thou makest such gracious signs to us. This is the reason why a man cannot love thee. It is not thyself that he loves; for who can love what thou art?"

Such, too, is nearly the language in which La Bruyere, sixteen centuries afterwards, addressed the females of his country: "If it is men that women are desirous of pleasing; if it is for them that they bepaint and beplaster themselves, I have collected their opinions, and I assure them, in behalf of all, or of the majority of men, that white and red render them hideous and disgusting; that red alone makes them appear old and disguises them; that they hate to see them with ceruse on their faces, as much as with false teeth in their mouths, and balls of wax in their cheeks; that they seriously protest against all the artifices they can employ to make themselves ugly; and that so far from being answerable for it to God, it seems, on the contrary, that this was reserved as the last infallible medium to cure them of their fondness for women."

* Among the ancients, urine was the cheapest tincture for the teeth. The Celtiberians, a people of Spain, employed it in preference; but nothing was held in such high estimation, as that of an innocent male child.

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Singular instance of Fortitude.

At the seige of Yorktown, when the approaches were pretty far carried on, the troops mounted guard in the trenches by regiments. The Rhode Island regiment of blacks mounted one night at a time when the British kept up an incessant cannonade of round, grape, and canister shot. Two blacks were placed as centinels together, upon the same spot: one sat down, the other laid upon his belly, to observe the motion of the enemy, and to give timely notice, if they should attempt to sally. When the relief came, the corporal found both in the same position he had left them: on demanding of the one sitting why he did not rise, he

answered laconically, "I believe, massa, Ise wounded, and I guess cuffe dead; hant poke dis good wile." On examination, Cuffe was really dead, a cannister shot having entered his head: and poor Sambo had the bones of his leg and arm both terribly shattered. On carrying them within the lines, the surgeons found it necessary to amputate Sambo's leg: when the poor fellow was informed of it, he, with a true heroic spirit, replied. "Well, come massa, take um off, say no more about um." Having borne that with the patience of an Epictetus, he was informed it was absolutely necessary to take off his arm: although under the most excrutiating pains, when the surgeons began to condole with him on his peculiar misfortune, he exclaimed, "Neber mind, massa, take um off—tank God, I got noder leg and noder arm left for um yet." Had he been a Roman instead of an African, how would he have been celebrated!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

INDEED, Mr. Editor, I would rather walk bare foot over the burning sands of Arabia—or be driven at the rate of twenty miles the hour across the desert wastes of Kamtschatka, than wittingly offend a pretty woman.

A sprightly writer, who calls herself Bellaria, has taken me roundly to task, for the few remarks I ventured to make on the dress of two young ladies; and which remarks, you, sir, had the "assurance" to publish in the XXth number of the miscellany. My fair opponent demands an apology. However willing I may feel myself to comply with her request, at present I hope for her indulgence, in order that I may offer a few observations in mitigation of the "high crime" of which I stand arraigned.

It will be granted on all sides, that the indulgence of *symthathy* is commendable. This admitted by Bellaria, my purpose is answered: for I protest that I was actuated by its impulse, when I penned the few observations alluded to.

The ladies of whom I spake, possessed charms sufficient to attract, and fix the attention of the veriest cynic of the day. Their lovely necks, "whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster," were constantly visited by the rude wind's baleful influence; indeed, their appearance told how *feelingly* alive they were to its uncivil salutations.

I would not by any means have Bellaria consider me as one of those carping beings, who are in the habit of descanting on the dress of the ladies, more actuated by spleen, than with the good-humoured wish of affording either amusement or instruction. Women I consider much the better part of Nature's works; therefore results my solicitude for their welfare. Man, when oppressed with any of the miseries to which humanity is subjected, of woman expects, and of woman receives that kind attention to his wants, that soothing language which administers a kindly balm to his disordered feelings. Has he sustained an unexpected loss which weighs down his spirits, and almost destroys his fortitude, the lovely partner of his life, with the most endearing attentions, strives, by mild and gentle persuasives, to sooth the troubles of his mind, and rob misfortune of its anguish.

Bellaria will observe that my sentiments of her sex too nearly coincide with her own, to find any future cause of complaint against me; and from this circumstance, I am in hopes, that her rigid asseverations, together with those of Miss Kitty, will no longer find an asylum in the bosoms of their fair tenants; and that the ladies will hereafter, should I trespass again on your goodness, sir, be willing to read my remarks, which I assure them shall be dictated with all the candour I possess.

P.

SELECTIONS.

WHEN in company it was disputed whether Fenelon or Bosuett had been of greatest use to religion, a lady decreed, with great acuteness and elegance—"Bosuett makes you understand your religion; and Fenelon makes you love it."

AN accomplished woman, in company with the celebrated Fontenelle, asked, wherein laid the difference between herself and a watch? A silence ensued, when the philosopher very quickly replied, 'A watch, madam, puts us in mind of time, and your ladyship makes us forget it.'

SOME words in French have no correspondent rhyme. A lady, asking a rhyme to Coeffe, (a lady's head-dress,) was answered, 'Madam, there is none; for what belongs to a lady's head, has neither rhyme nor reason.'

ONE who had been a very termagant wife, lying on her death-bed, desired her husband, that as she had brought him a fortune, she might have liberty to make her will for bestowing a few legacies to her relations. 'No, madam,' says he, "you have had *your* will all your life time, and now I will have *mine*.'

AN Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but finding no present appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?—what would your honour have me to tell him."

FREDERICK the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, who behaved most intrepidly during the contest? The preference was unanimously given to himself. 'You are all mistaken,' replied the king; 'the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease, or vary a note the whole time.'

SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

The latest London papers state, that not only the men in all the royal navy yards are ordered to work double tides, but that fresh gangs of carpenters are sent to all the merchants yards; and a great exertion was making throughout the kingdom, to equip for sea every kind of vessel calculated to carry troops; and that it was expected attempts would be made on various and distinct quarters of France, while the French had so great an army in Prussia and Poland; and so many Prussian prisoners in France. The French troops which had passed the Oder up to December 22d last, amounted to 280,000 men.

March 22.

We believe, says the editor of the *Washington Federalist*, that we have it now in our power to relieve the public mind from that uncertainty in which it has heretofore been suspended. The treaty will be immediately returned to London, for further negociation. For this purpose the Wasp ship of war is ordered to be got ready for sea immediately—the officers are selected; the crew completed, and Thursday 26th inst. is named as the day on which she is to sail. Captain Smith, who is to command the Wasp, will be the bearer of the treaty to London; from thence the Wasp will repair to the Mediterranean, where she is to be stationed.

*** Our correspondents will oblige us by sending their communications as early in the week as they can, conveniently.—Several pieces were received after our pages were completed.

Deaths in this city during the last week, Men 15, Women 12, Boys 14, Girls 8—total 49.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr Milledoler, Mr. Samuel Crissy, to Miss Hannah Myers, both of this city.

At Baltimore, on Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the rev. Mr Inglis, Mr. Robert Dickey, of this city, to Miss Anne Brown, daughter of Dr. Brown, of that place.

Marriages Extraordinary.

A Philadelphia paper gives the following list—At Sharon, Mr E Stow, of Weston, (Ver.) aged 65, to Miss Margaret Moore, of Sharon, aged 18—at Shopack, Mr. Thomas Doty, aged 72, to Miss Peggy Cornick, aged 15—on the 10th Feb. Mr. Hannicle Dervish of Westponobrough township. (Penn.) aged 84 to the amiable and accomplished Miss Catherine Myers, of Carlisle in the same state—in Bernardston, Mr. Simon Allen, aged 20, to Miss Polly Flagg, aged 40—in Baltimore, Master John Richardson, aged 15, to Miss Phoebe Maria T. Fullerton, aged 13—in Philadelphia, Mr. Moses Coffin, to Miss Caroline Graves. This may literally be termed a *dead match!!!*—in Providence, (R. I) Master Hervey Thurston, aged 16, to Miss Sally Eaton, aged 32!!

The North Carolina papers gives us the following:—lately at his farm in Rowan County, Mr. John Wright, aged 85, to Miss Johnston, aged 13 years and four months—on the 18th instant in Dublin County, Mr. John Goff, aged 90, to Mrs. Eliza Ennis, aged 20.

DIED,

On Thursday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs Elizabeth Lewis, wife of S. I. Lewis, and daughter of Dr Gardner Jones.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John Grenell, of this city, merchant, in the 31st year of his age.

Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Ann Sherred, wife of Mr. Jacob Sherred.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Richard Wain, merchant.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next from No. 35, to 187 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date.

March 10.

CULLENIAN MEDICINE STORE.

The public are respectfully informed there will be constantly for sale at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, near the New slip, New York, a fresh assortment of genuine drugs and medicines, shop furniture, &c &c. which will be disposed of at wholesale or retail, for cash or a liberal credit. Prescriptions, and all orders faithfully prepared, and strictly attended to.

MEDICINE CHESTS.

Captains of vessels, and others, may be supplied with chests of all sizes, warranted to contain genuine medicines, with a full and sufficient printed book of medical and surgical directions.

☞ *Proper directions and advice will be given gratis to any purchasing Medicines at the above store.*

N B. The public will observe that all Medicines purchased at the Cullenian Medicine Store are warranted genuine, and of course liable to be returned.

Just Received,

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF LADY'S ORNAMENTAL

COMBS,

of the newest Fashion. Also Ladies plain Tortoise shell Combs of all kinds, for sale by N. SMITH, *Chymical perfumer* from London, at the sign of the Golden Rose, No. 114 Broadway.

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.
violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.
beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2, & 3s. each. common dittto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. *** Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. March 21.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Two or three *Tayloresses regularly bred to the trade. Also, two or three female apprentices to the above business. Inquire at* 214 *Greenwich street.* *March* 21.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN, No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house

Communicated for the Lady's Miscellany.

POEM.

The reader will perceive that the following beautiful Poem is built on the Text prefixed; and that the first line of each stanza, is borrowed from it.

"Behold, alas! our days we spend;
"How vain they be, how soon they end!"

BEHOLD
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man:
In those well temper'd days, his time was then
urvey'd, cast up, and found but threescore
years and ten.

ALAS!
And what is that
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-liv'd
task is done.

OUR DAYS
Begun, we lead
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss; we rather breathe than
live.

WE SPEND
A ten year's breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear our death;
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys
Which please our sense awhile, and waking,
prove but toys!

HOW VAIN,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short, at longest; few, at most;
They are but bad at best, yet lavish'd out or
lost.

THEY BE
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheeles more swift than eagle's wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathe's forth a warning grief, till time shall
strike a death!

HOW SOON
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this how soon to gray hair'd night?
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
E'er we can count our days, our days they flee
so fast.

THEY END
When scarce begun;
And e'er we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count thy days; and and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day
the last.

.....

Solution of the Enigma by Cowper, in our last number.

I gave my love the other day
A riddle to explain;
And having read it o'er and o'er,
She could not tell the name.
Then on the fair I cast a glance,
And gather'd resolution;
I slighly prest her rosy lips.
And stole the true solution.

Another.

'Tis not alone for love to solve
Thy riddle's magic charm;
Ask the fond mother bending o'er
That infant on her circling arm:
Glowing with extacy divine,
She clasps it to her throbbing breast;
And solves the riddle o'er and o'er,
And *kisses* on its lips she prest.

.....

EPIGRAM.

From the same cause we oft perceive
Different effects arise,
Thus slop by drugs contrives to live,
While every patient dies.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SONG.

In rural groves o'erspread with flowers,
I pass'd life's pleasant morning;
Nor wish'd to quit my native bowers,
The pride of cities scorning.

The rich, the gay, I envied not,
Nor wish'd to share their treasure;
Bless'd in my native, rural cot,
I thought, with every pleasure.

But, ah! when lov'd Belinda came,
Dame Nature's fairest blossom;
I felt sweet Friendship's magic flame,
With raptures fill my bosom.

With sweetest joys each day was fraught,
Friendship such bliss infuses;
It taught me, artless and untaught,
To court the tuneful muses.

Nor thought I then aught could surpass,
The raptures which I tasted;
And fancied life's fair morning was,
In rural pastimes wasted.

But when Augustus met my eyes—
His every word enchanting;
My heart with love and sweet surprise,
Lay in my bosom panting.

And when the youth with tender care,
His face with blushes cover'd,
With language soft, and melting air,
A mutual flame discover'd;

Friendship, I cried, sweet pleasures brought,
But now with love united,
It brings more bliss than e'er I thought
Could have my heart delighted.

JANE C**K**G.

Washington City, March 1807.

.....

Who seeks to please all men, each way,
And not himself offend;
He must begin his work to day,
But heaven knows when he'll end.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.
To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.
To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

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